Being but heauy I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Romeo. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light fethers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.
Horatio. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betakes him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire Phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits,

Ro. And

Ro. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. VVhy may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. VVell what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and shee comes in shape no big
thē an Agat stone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drav
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noses as they li
sleepe: her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs: the
uer of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smalleſt
der web, her collers of the moonshines watry beams, her w
of Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner, a sm
gray coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little wor
prickt from the lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an e
tie Hasel nut, made by the Ioyner squirrel or old Grub, t
out a mind, the Faries Coachmakers: and in this state she g
lops night by night, throgh louers brains, & then they dr
of loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies strait,
Lawyers fingers who strait dreame on fees, ore Ladies lips v
strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blis
plagues, because their breath with sweete meats tainted
So metime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then drea
heof smelling out a sute: and sometime comes shee with a t
pigs tale, tickling a Parsōs nose as a lies a sleepe, thē he dre
of another Benefice. Somtime she drīeth ore a souldiers n
and then dreames he of cutting forraine throats, of breac
ambuscados, spanish blades: Of healths fiue fadome deep
then anon drums in his care, at which he startes and wake
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepes aga
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in
night: and bakes the Elklocks in foule sluttish haires, w
once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.